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Twisting the Tale

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Chapter 1 by Jim Bradley

Pennsylvania Avenue was awash with bodies pressed up against the metal barriers, those at the front being stared down by the silent, grim faced police in their helmets and visors giving an almost surreal sense to the proceedings.

It was largely 'just' another protest, the same type that is shown on tv news stories all over the world. Often deteriorating into violence, looting and rioting. Nothing new to see.

This one was different though, they all felt it on a deeper subconscious level. Near the back of the crowd, a few people cast nervous glances at the tall man in their midst, although the word 'Tall' didn't do him justice.

He stood a bit more than head and shoulders higher than the tallest person there. Dressed all in black with a long trench coat, his long dark hair fell over his shoulders and moved slightly in the breeze. He looked just like the type of person you knew not to mess with, although there was no sense of fear from the people around him. The man was there for a specific reason, that much was clear but time would tell what that reason would turn out to be.

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Sitting with his back against a tree was a tall man, dressed in black with a long coat. Nobody paid him any attention as he looked unremarkable sitting there. Only when he stood would he get their attention, but that was for tomorrow.

If any casual observer could have seen the stranger in America and the man in London, they would have sworn they were looking at identical twins.

Chapter 2 by Jonathan

The the time came, almost synchronized they stood. Swiftly they advanced to the front of the swarms of people and never slowed as the pushed through the people. Then the man in America now at the gate, in a blinding flash, pulled out a device and pointed it at the police man above. The man, startled, jumped and ran yelling something about 'The man' and "Not now!' But almost as if nothing happened, the stranger moved to the next one and pulled a switch on the device. A high-pitched wirlling sound emitted from the gun-like thing and a bolt of bright white light struck the police man with and audible thud. With no sound from him he fell and again it happened to each police man till none were left. It happened the same way in London but the stranger there didn't let them react, he just shot and shot till' none were left.

Chapter 3 by Iden Mozafari

The men continued their march into their respective governmental buildings.

The American reached inside his pocket and pulled out a silenced pistol. He continued to walk further towards the building as protesters rushed around him, the gate being open. The American wrapped around the building to the back and pushed open the nearest door. There was one guard watching carefully over the door and was knocked down with the door. The American, with no hesitation, ended the guard's life.

The Brit pulled out a device from the inside of his black coat. It had a silver shovel on the front and a small engine on the end. He stuck it into the ground and turned on the machine. It started to rumble to life and began digging. The Brit then took out an aerosol can from inside his jacket

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